

# The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIII.

Pores Knob, North Carolina, April, 1925.

No. 4.

## ODES TO THE MUSES

The anaconda is a prig,  
We wobble forth to mention;  
The smile he gives us from his twig  
Is acacondescension.

The armadillo is a beast  
That fits well in this story;  
If he is not slow, at least  
He is armadilatory.

The bee's a spiteful little bug,  
And sometimes very rude,  
And at its worst when it assumes  
A sweet bee-attitude.

The goat is a mild-mannered chap  
As ever you did see;  
Twist his tail as much as you please,  
Butt—don't monkey with his gost-ee.

The asp's a vicious little thing  
That needs extermination;  
To greet a fellow with a sting  
Seems all its asp-iration.

The jackass meekly bears his load  
O'er plain or mountain fastness;  
But if you dare to pull his tail  
He shows his true jackass-ness.

## THE APRIL FOOL ISSUE

Since this is to be an April Fool issue, I hardly know where to begin with my chin-music. There is danger that I will make it either too wise or too foolish, and you know just a little too much of either would plum spile it.

It ain't as easy to get up all this wise foolishness and solemn fun as you might think it is. Just try it for about fifteen years and you'll see.

Every month for nearly fifteen years I've had to stand on my head and kick holes in the air to amuse 50,000 readers. It looks like I would have been bald-headed by this time, but I ain't. The same dark brown locks that decorated my dome of thought fifteen years ago are there yet. Which shows that hair and brains can sometimes live together in peace.

The Fool-Killer is a good deal different from any other paper. Anybody that reads it one time will agree to that. And mere difference in style isn't the only difference, either. For instance, other papers have at least two or three men (and sometimes a dozen) that they can depend on for the mental juice to fill their pages. But in this—here editorial joint there is nobody but old Pearson to keep the hopper full. If my personal supply of fool gab runs out the mill has to stop.

Well, it has been running for fifteen years, and it ain't stopped yet. There is not, never has been, and probably never will be any other man who can just ex-

actly fill the bill for Fool-Killer stuff. Several have tried it and failed. Two or three have even started "Fool-Killers" of their own and tried to steal my thunder and my fame, but they couldn't tote it even after they got it in the sack.

And I reckon that's why it happens that old Pearson is still the only and original "Fool-Killer Man," with a perfectly clear right and title to the name and all the glory that goes with it.

## THE IN-AUGER-ATION

Well, honey, I just wish you could have been with me in the little old village of Washington, D. C., on the 4th of March. We had one regular skrumshus old time that day. It was the first In-auger-ation I had been to since I saw our old friend Woodrow walk the tight rope in 1913.

When I go to In-auger-ation I always start in time to get there the day before, so as to get me a bunk and a bite to eat before the show starts.

On the occasion of Woodrow's coronation twelve years ago things were pretty crowded, and I came very near having to sleep with a Democratic congressman from Alabama. But at my earnest request the congressman finally agreed to sleep on the floor.

But this time I didn't have any such trouble. The watch-word, as you know, was "Economy," and Cal didn't let 'em spread on the glory as thick as usual. There wasn't hardly enough visitors in town to hold inquests over the hotel-keepers that died of broken hearts.

The little town has changed a good deal in some ways since I saw it. But the Capitol is in the same place, the White House hasn't moved, and most of the streets are right there yet. They have cleaned up the ashes and tin cans on the lot fronting the Union Station, and two old nigger wimmen were planting the patch in Irish taters.

I was also glad to note that some enterprising feller has put up a new filling station in Washington since I was there. Its location is well chosen to harmonize with the scenery, and it helps the looks of the town a plum sight.

But I didn't start to tell you about that. I was going to enlighten your minds in regard to the In-auger-ation. The reason they call it an In-auger-ation is because an auger is an instrument to bore with, and the people are certain to be bored with

the administration before it is finished.

Bright and early on the morning of the 4th I took hold of my big toe and cranked myself and walked up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. Knocked at the door just as I used to when Teddy Roosevelt lived there. In a minute I heard footsteps approaching. Then Cal's nose came in sight, and he was not very far behind it. He was holding his smile in both hands and trying his best to put it on straight, but his nose was in the way and he never did get it fixed right.

"Hello, Cal," sez I, "what you doing this morning?"

"Just been taking my morning ride on 'Economy'—that's the name of my electric hobby-hoss, you know. Fine hoss. No head. Don't need any. Got no use for hoss-sense around this place. Fine hoss, anyhow. Easy to keep. Don't eat anything. Want to see him?"

Cal led me into a room and there stood the electric hoss as patient as an old steer. Over on the opposite wall was a picture of Teddy, and I saw it wink at me.

"Well, Cal," sez I, "I just dropped around to see if you were going to the In-auger-ation."

"Reckon I'll have to," sez Cal. "Guess they'll be expecting me. Be ready to start in a few minutes. Going to ride this hoss. You can ride behind if you want to."

Then hurrying off to the kitchen, Cal told Grace to fix up a little lunch for him to take along, as he might be late getting back. So Grace hunted up a shoe box and packed in dinner enough for Cal and me, and we jumped on "Economy" and started.

"He ain't never toted double before," sez Cal, "and he ain't never been rid out of doors. He may take the studs, or run away, or something."

"I ain't afraid," sez I. "Put the spur to him and let's go."

Cal dug the spur into Economy's flanks and popped the whip and away we went down the Avenue like the hired man going to dinner. The people gathered on the side-walks and pointed at us and laughed, and then they fell in behind and trotted after us, and by the time we got to the Capitol we had collected up all the newsboys, little niggers and street beggars in town, and everybody agreed that it was the best In-auger-ation parade they ever saw.

On reaching the Capitol we found two photographers, five stray dogs and thirteen office seekers waiting on the front steps. We galloped up the steps

and parked Economy outside the door and went in. All at once we heard a terrible groaning and taking on somewhere in the building, and discovered that it was the Sixty-eighth Congress drawing its last breath and the last installment of its salary.

Then somebody rung a sheep bell and the meeting was open for business. The old president got up and stated the purpose of the meeting and introduced the new president, who was then cussed in very quietly, after which he delivered a very economical address of ten minutes' duration on the subject of "Economy." He used his words very deliberately, being careful to put them back in the box just like he found them. It was a very bee-ootiful speech.

All right. So much for that. Next, we sat down on the window sill, Cal opened the shoe box and we ate dinner. All the others who had lunches along did likewise. The janitor played us a tune on the jews-harp while we were eating. Dinner finished, we all lay down on the floor and slept awhile. After which we all went into the Senate Chamber to watch "Helen Maria" put cuckles under the tail of the Senate. Which he did. It was the only live news item of the day. Things had been "cool with Coolidge" all day, and it was a relief to see Charlie raise the temperature.

By and by Cal jumped on "Economy" and trotted off toward home, and the rest of us went to the movie. It was the end of a perfect day.

## A SOLDIER'S MONUMENT

If I could have the designing of a soldier's monument to be erected in the public square of every city and town, I would not design a general on horseback with waving sword and flashing medals to make war look fine and respectable. No, I would make my design represent a private soldier crawling on his hands and knees, with one side of his face shot way, and his guts dragging ten feet behind him as he crawled. That would represent war as it really is, and I think the people would soon get so sick of looking at it that they would never permit another war to come.

I have known lots of white men who were green.

And so they never did get Floyd Collins out of that hole. It looks bad, but maybe they thought God could get him out at the Judgment Day.